

A HEROINE OF 1864

By Elizabeth Slaughter

The following incident, illustrating the courage of a physically weak and delicate woman when she is aroused to a sense of injustice to herself or to those dependent upon her for protection, occurred in the autumn of 1864.

My father was fighting for the cause of the confederacy in the Tennessee army, and the plantation was left in charge of my young mother, who was ably assisted in conducting the planting interests by an elderly negro slave whose name was Cornelius. For the reason that he was the husband of the children's black "Mammie," we were taught to call him "Pappie."

It was a bright and beautiful day early in the month of November. The air was crisp, and we children were huddled together about the nursery fire busily engaged with our doll babies, while our mother sat near the window, occupied with some needlework.

Suddenly we were all startled by a loud knocking upon the door, simultaneously with the entrance of "Pappie." His countenance wore an expression of alarm, and he was in such an excited state he could scarcely speak. "Come, quick, Miss Fannie! Two men have took Fannie Ellsler, an' are 'gwine out de yard wid her. I tried to stop 'em, an' dey said dey had orders to press her into de service. I tole 'em to wait till I could see you, an' let 'em show you dey 'thority for taking her, an' dey jess lifted dey coat tails and tapped dey pistols an' said dat was 'thority 'nuff fer me."

Fannie Ellsler was a beautiful gray mare, my mother's saddle horse. She was saddled and hitched to a rack in the yard every morning for my mother's use in riding about the plantation. On this occasion she was in her accustomed place awaiting my mother's pleasure, when the passing men spied her and decided to make a transfer of ownership.

My mother hastened to the hall door and arrived in time to see the men close the gate, turn to the left and ride off down the road, leading the beautiful mare that had been divested of the sidesaddle.

For an instant she stood still, closed her eyes, placed her left hand over them in an attitude of thought, and then turned quickly. "Pappie!" she said, "get your master's gun from the rack, and follow me. Now prove yourself a good soldier and obey your superior officer. Don't be afraid! No matter what I tell you to do, obey my command instantly!"

While speaking she took from a hook on the wall a brace of pistols, buckled them about her waist, threw a shawl over her shoulders, caught up a sun bonnet from the rack, and passing out at the rear door she met Uncle Charles, the gardener, who had come eager to know "what Miss Fannie was 'gwine ter do 'bout Fannie Ellsler."

"Here, Uncle Charles," my mother spoke hurriedly, handing him one of the pistols, "take this, follow me and Pappie, and when I tell you to use it, shoot!"

She hastened out at the back gate, followed by her two trustees, intending to intercept the men as they passed the road running beyond the orchard. She stationed Pappie and Uncle Charles behind the tall picket fence, and, opening the gate, stepped into the road just as the men came up.

"Stop there, please! That mare is my property, and I wish you to leave her here."

Surprised, the men drew rein and answer. "Madam, we have orders to press into the confederate service all horses and mules that we think suitable for the use of the armies."

"Yes, I know; but I would like to see the documents containing these orders."

"Suppose I decline to show that document," was the defiant answer.

"Then you can't have my mare. I insist on seeing your authority before you go one step further."

With all the insolence imaginable the man treated my mother to the indignity of a repetition of his conduct to Pappie, and, lifting his coat tail, he tapped his pistol and replied: "This is my authority, madam!"

"And this is my authority for ordering you to hitch my mare to that gate post and ride on."

With these words my mother leveled her pistol at him and called: "Come, Pappie and Uncle Charles! When I give you the order, shoot! And shoot to kill both of these rascals!"

With a dogged, cowardly air the man leading Fannie Ellsler dismounted. My mother then commanded him to deposit his pistols on the ground. When this demand was complied with, she found no difficulty in compelling his companion to do the same thing.

"Now, Uncle Charles, take charge of those arms," was her next command.

When Uncle Charles dismounted, she turned to me and said:

SNORE AND SAWMILL

How the Fat Engineer Was Fooled by the Unmusical Flagman

"I was asleep in the bunk shanty over in Delray," said the fat engineer, "when I awoke suddenly with a start. I could hear a sawmill goin' to beat the band."

"Now that's a fine layout," I says to Hank Simms in the next bunk. "How under the canopy do they expect a man to sleep, buildin' a bunk shanty right near a sawmill?"

"Sawmill nothin'," says Hank. "That's Jerry Day, the new flagman for Archie Dunn, snorin' over in the trainmen's bunk room. Ain't he a pippin'?"

"If that anti-noise society gets next to him," I says, "they'll hoot him out of this community instanter."

"There was no more sleep for us that afternoon, so we got up and sat in a hot game of pinochle."

"Jerry Day was first out with Archie Dunn that evenin' on the first 79 'n' I was second out on second 79, freight runnin' so heavy them days that they were runnin' the fast freights in two or three sections."

"When it came time for us to leave the freight yards the fog was so thick you couldn't shoot holes into it with a machine gun. I tell you I was mighty cautious, movin' along on only about, notches of steam on the throttle."

"Pretty soon on the heavy air I heard a sawmill goin' full blast."

"Strange," I says to myself, 'that they're running a sawmill in these parts this time of the night.'

"There was a peculiar sound to that sawmill that I'd heard before. All of a sudden it came over me like a flash what it was. 'That's that green flagman of Archie Dunn's,' it came to me; 'he's just hidin' his red lantern under a bushel of snores while his train is stalled on the main track.'

"So quicker'n a deaf 'n' dumb man can say Jack Robinson I got my engine in back motion. I couldn't see a thing, but from the sound of that foghorn ahead we'd stopped about a caboose length this side of that warnin' snore."

"The fog shifted for a minute 'n' there was the tail lights of Archie Dunn's caboose almost restin' on the right of my cowcatcher. It was a lucky thing for me that I had recognized the deep snore of that flagman."

"Mebbe I didn't climb onto that caboose 'n' give that new hand a brief 'n' pointed speech on the rules 'n' regulations of sleepin' on duty, especially 'twellin' on the necessity of the flagman totin' his red 'n' white lights 17 telegraph poles back when his train stopped on the main track."

"A week or so after that I was second out again behind Archie Dunn. An' it was just such a foggy night as the one I was speakin' of before. She-rook Holmes himself couldn't penetrate the density of that mist."

"I was movin' along again under two speeds forward, keepin' my weather goggles trimmed for trouble ahead. Just as sure as you're born there came to me again that 40-sawmill-pow-er snore of Archie Dunn's rear guard."

"So I says to myself: 'My little heart-to-heart talk with that flagman bore no fruit, eh? Well, I'll just give him a little bump this time 'n' see what a little scare will do him.'

"You can just imagine I was pretty warm under the collar, comin' up on 'hat feller snorin' on the breastworks twice in two weeks. I kept getting 'loser 'n' closer to the snore, but here didn't come along any hind end for me to bump into."

"I got a little scared myself, then, thinkin' mebbe I might hit 'em too hard, so I sot up in the air 'n' we swung under the lee of that warnin' snore. Well, now, mebbe I hadn't made up my mind to write up a round robin on 'hat careless flagman of Archie Dunn's."

"You bet what I would say in my report would end his usefulness to the railroad. I hadn't reported him the first time, thinkin' he was young 'n' new to the business, relyin' on my little talk to reform him. But it was all off now. Discipline required that I must make a written report."

"We laid there a few minutes, with that feller snorin', me jawnin' to myself 'n' mebbe envyin' him just a little of his sound sleep, when all at once the fog cleared away as if it had been sent for. You could have bowled me over with a toothpick! Scan that track ahead of me as far as I could see, I could detect no tail lights of a train ahead. But off to the right in the fields was a really truly sawmill, probably workin' overtime on some little extra job."

"Now, say, mebbe I didn't feel as cheap as a pair of ice skates in the summer time. I nearly got laid off for ten days myself for delayin' that fast freight."

Notice to the Public.

After June 1st all our accounts will be closed, and we will not be cash business. No exceptions.

Lard Eaters Should Stop and Think!

There must be something in all this Pure Food Talk. We hear the term "Pure Food" on every hand—Pure Food Shows, Pure Food Laws and Pure Food agitation of all kinds. It simply means that people are awakening to the fact that they cannot be too careful about the purity of their food and the ingredients which enter into its making.

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Nature's Gift from the Sunny South

NEWS AND NOTES OF SPORT.

Manager Billy Murray of the Philadelphia Nationals says his team is something of an "in and out."

Both the St. Louis Nationals and Washington Americans have picked up several crackerjack young pitchers.

Manager Jennings of Detroit, that when his pitchers catch the Tigers will march to the without a halt.

"Deacon Jim" McGuire is having the time of his life trying to form a winning combination with the Boston American players.

The Cincinnati team holds the distinction of having knocked Chris Mathewson of the Giants out of the box twice within four days.

Each of the big league teams in Chicago is minus a .300 hitter among the regulars.

If anyone thought that Connie Mack was getting a dead one when he took over Jimmy Collins he had better start over again.

Pitcher Elmer Steele will surely help Manager Kittredge and his Scranton team to a high position in the New York State League race.

Another happy smile for Manager Jimmy McAleer of St. Louis. Jack Powell has the true ring of a pitcher this spring.

It takes real money to run a minor league ball club. The owners of a South Atlantic team say they lost \$4,000 last year and so far this season they are in debt \$1,600 and owe a salary list of \$950 more.

A baseball scribe says that Brooklyn is trying out a youngster by the name of Wilhelm, who is doing nice work. Wilhelm is doing nice work all right, but he is a youngster—like Jake Beckley.

Thousands of fans are close watching the work of the St. Louis Americans this season. The Browns are certainly a big improvement over last year.

Philadelphia, after negotiations were several times broken off and resumed, the two fighters will meet in a six-round bout in the Quaker City early next month.

Tommy Burns is the "wise one" when it comes to knowing the financial end of the game. He says if he can get a big purse for his coming meeting with Johnson he will be satisfied to quit the ring forever. He thinks after that he will be able to pull down plenty of the "long green" by taking to the stage.

SENSE AND NONSENSE.

The Distant Relative.

Visitor—How many are there in the family besides yourself?

Youngster—Four; mother, father, sister and a distant relative.

Visitor—That is only three. The distant relative is not a member of the family.

Youngster—Oh, yes, he is. He is my brother.

Visitor—Your brother? Then he isn't a distant relative.

Youngster—Yes, sir; he is in India.

Name Your Price.

The manager of a menagerie once happened to drop into a country

church one day, when he soon fell asleep. The minister was reading the first chapter of the Book of Ezekiel. As he proceeded in the description of the wonderful beast which the prophet saw, the showman moved uneasily in his seat.

"Every one had four faces, and every one four wings."

The showman rubbed his eyes, and the preacher went on—"And they had the hands of a man under their wings on their four sides."

The showman was now wide-awake.

"As for the likeness of their faces, they four had the faces of a man and the face of a lion on the right side, and they four had the face of an ox on the left side. They four also had the face of an eagle."

The showman was now standing up. "Name your price," he cried. "I will take the lot."

Bequest.

Johnny—My grandmother died and left me some money.

Tommy—Huh! Mine died and let me go to a ball game.—New York Sun.

Beat His Wife.

"I called on Perkins last evening," remarked Mr. Brown.

"Did you have a pleasant time?" inquired Mrs. Brown.

"Very. Perkins was beating his wife, but of course he stopped when I went in."

"Well, I should hope so."

"I begged him to go on, but he

said some other time would do just as well."

"You begged him to go on? Do you mean to say that you could have looked calmly on while he beat his wife?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"I thought you had at least a spark of manhood left. I suppose you will be beating me next?"

"Yes. I think I could if you would play chess with me."

"Play chess?"

"Yes. That's what Perkins and his wife were doing."

Then fell a silence

than words.

A Query.

Why should we call the women?

Nor speak of men that way? Each man has got his price, we hear.

Yet brides are given away.

—Catholic Standard.

A Short Story.

"What do you consider the short story masterpiece?"

"The one Jim told me when he borrowed ten of me yesterday."—Houston Post.

What's in a Name?

"Wat's your name, sir?"

"Wood."

"What's your wife's name?"

"Wood, of course."

"H-m; both wood. A-ah, any kind ling?"—Success Magazine.

Get the Habit—Cook With Gas.

